

A Christmas Hymn.

It was the calm and silent night;
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was quietude of sea
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their solemn reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.
'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly level rolling home:
Triumphant arches, banners, and
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman, what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.
Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary bore
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half shut stable-door

'Told what was going on within :
 How keen the stars, his only thought—
 The air how calm and cold and still—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !
 Oh, stranged indifference ! low and high
 Drowned over common joys and cares :
 The earth was still—no knew and why
 The world was listening unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall stir the world to shiver !
 To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !
 It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and thro
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—
 The darkness—
 The night that erst no shame had won,
 To it a happy name is given :
 For in that staid and sober hour
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,

Mules.
Mr. B. Munroe, of Woodford county, Ky., furnishes to an exchange an interesting article upon the mule trade, from which we make the following extract :
The mule trade is one of the largest of Kentucky and is the source of her largest source of revenue. It commands for them in the north, where the gar and cotton planters (which is owing no doubt to the great number of farms annually being opened), affords a very easy solution for the eagerness and extent to which stock growers launch into the trade, for it is a very heavy business, requiring a great deal of capital. The mule is fed from weaning time (which is generally at the age of five or six months) to the full extent of its capacity to eat, and that is, on oats and corn, together with hay and fodder. In fact the food for mules is usually adopted in the summer, as they are kept confined in a pound or paddock, containing an acre or two of ground, which is usually partially shaded, in herds of a hundred and fifty. In this way they are kept until

not horse treatment. At this age they are taken to southern market, not always by the feeder, but generally by the speculator or "trader," there they are sold to the planter entirely unbroken. The planter takes too cautions to buy a broke mule, lest it should prove to be an antiquated, broken-down beast, fattened up, and ready to drop its head at the first sight of a horse, or their age is more than that of a horse. The external mark and time and service is not generally so apparent upon the mule. But it is a small job to break a mule. It is only necessary to have a steady horse to work them with, and a second hand to drive them an hour or two to keep him steady, after which he is considered ready for any service that the farmer may require of him. He may kick or bite or twice, but is unlike the spirited horse, who, when he commences, is apt to kick himself out of the harness.

There were in this county, in the year 1855, 200 mules; in 1856, there were 2888; the number in this county at present I have no means of ascertaining,

any previous year. The probabilities are that all these, or as many, were fed in this county each year. The counties immediately around, no doubt fed quite as many, some more. The counties of Bonhomme, ette, Clark and Desmaring, are quoted as extensively in the trade as this.

Besides the great number of mules fed annually in this county, the supply New Orleans, New York, and other cities, with an immense amount of beef and bacon. These facts being considered, you may readily imagine that we must, of necessity, be a grain-giving people. Such is the fact. Yet so extensive is mule business, and so great are the profits upon feed that those engaged in the trade can afford to give cents per bushel for corn, at least they say so, and do not get it for less.

The price of sound headings is about \$75. No more than \$80 to \$90, and extra, often as high as \$120. No lot will often change hands as often as a dozen times before they are ready for market. Yearlings will average

however, to their quality. At two years' old they bring \$125 or \$130, if they are average select lots. A neighbor of mine is feeding a lot of one hundred, which I am told he has refused \$175 around. But is an extra lot, no doubt the best lot in Kentucky. The same gentleman gave a short time ago \$300 for a two year old to work to his sulky, and is working to the farm, for which I am told he paid \$200 cash. Another gentleman of this county sold a short time ago, a year old mare mule for \$400. But these are fancy prices for fancy mules. There is a small and inferior class of animals that is considered a sort of dead heads, which the feeder won't buy if offered alone, and they are ones usually found in service on the farms.

did it grow. Bless me, why nowhere. It was an accidental quality of Xerez, meaning, I had an almost identical quality of Xerez, which rendered it almost identical to me, which rendered it almost identical to me because I must clearly understand (and it was only to tell me) that English sherry was a chemical compound, made, like a French side dish, of many ingredients, of various ages and qualities of wines. In Xerez there were five hundred thousand arrobas of wine—thirty which went to a *bota* (butt)—made annually. I made thirty-four thousand butts nine thousand of white wine, and thirty-five thousand of red wine, and two for Spaniards, and two fewish for the climate. The best is, in Xerez, a dollar a bottle. The best in the bodega is worth from fifty to eighty guineas a butt; but after insurance, freight, and sale charges, it stands at the importer in from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guineas before it reaches his cellar (say) in Belgium square. "How many gallons to the butt, Don Sanchez?" About one hundred and twelve. This is the duty on the wine, and the duty on the wine is a shillings and sixpence, the million, and the million

your own opinion about cheap London Sherries, we are generally very curious indeed—more so, perhaps, than you are—about anything concerning the wine business. I have no objection to your making any use of my observations. Here is a story of my old friend Binns, who opens a bottle of a forty-eight shilling sherry with the aid of an antiquary noswathing a mummy Pharaoh. Then, I, the next time the deluded man points to the city of his disgraces, I will leap up, seize him, and say a hollow voice: "Binns, you are the victim of a long delusion; that stuff you drink, you think is the juice of the Spanish grapes, plucked by men playing guitars, and smoking cigars; you are, in fact, the possessor of a vile, insipid, and so-called wine, made in the manner of Napoleon!" It is only a chemical compound made up of drugs and insidious like Dudley's, James' powder. It is cooked up with opium, brandy and brandy. It is a compound mixed from dozen barrels, and made to order, for a particular market. If the vines of Xerez grew till they got to be in the face, Binns, they could not yield wine like this.

that certainly the sherry wine district was very small, not more than twelve miles square. Therefore, it is not very honest wine enough even for half London. The sherry grapes grow only on certain low, chalky where the earth being light colored is not so much, but did not chap and split so much by the sun, as the and heavier soils do. A mile beyond these hills the grapes deteriorate. The older the plants the better, the lower the grapes.—*Dickens's "Household Words"*